

Rainbow

in the

Desert

Poems and Quatrains

Noman Nayyir Kulachvi

RAINBOW

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Dedication

to the Father of Realization

Sir Robert Frost

Contents

Number	Titles	Page
1	Straightword	9
	POEMS	
2	Rainbow in the Desert	13
3	Lost Girl	14
4	Indian Classical Music	15
5	An Enigmatic Girl	16
6	The Mystery of Love	17
7	A Wanderer Ascetic	18
8	Flirt	19
9	Existential Crisis	20
10	The Lost Rabbia	22
11	Heart Wounds	23
12	Kulachi in December 2023 CE	24

13	Nainan	25
14	I Can't Live Anymore	26
15	The Fragrance of Love	27
16	Nihilism	28
17	Duality	29
18	My Exitance	30
19	Futility	32
20	Cheating in Love	33
21	Enchanting Beauty	35
22	Healing of Broken Heart	37
	QUATRAINS	
23	Mystical Rose	39
24	Village Evening	40
25	Faithfree Man	41
26	Philosophical Suicide	42
27	Language of Love	43

28	Agnosticism	44
29	Durr e Shehwar	45
30	Gentle Whispers	46
31	Oppression	47
32	Jennifer Paul	48
33	Malik Nisar	49
34	Grand Piano	50
35	Nayab Khan	51
36	Rural Life	52
37	Realization	53
38	Fondness	54
39	Euphoria	55
40	Shining Star	56
41	Venus	57
42	Stupidity	58
43	No Mind	59

44	Nothingness	60
45	Commitment	61
46	Winter Sun	62
47	Godliness	63
48	Spring Breeze	64
49	Meditation	65
50	Love Prayer	66
51	C Sharp Minor	67
52	Pink Lipstick	68
53	Summer Drizzling	69
54	Deprivation	70

Straightword

This life is very strange, so strange that sometimes I don't even want to live, but what to do, then I have to live, isn't? There is sadness here. There is disappointment. There is a mental and physical sickness. There is hunger. Apart from that, there are many other difficulties like maintaining manners, relationship, friendship and then searching the whole life for someone who is just for us; and that what is made only for us is nowhere to be found. Life is the name of this nonsense, sorry to say.

The truth is that sooner or later we become what we are. All our lives we try to be something, but we never become what we want to be. Got it? If not, read this sentence again. That is, we live as we are and one day, we leave this world as we are. This is nothing new. It happens to everyone.

I think I was born only to write, that is, if there is one thing, I have been doing consistently in all the time, it is writing and reading. Apart from that, all the work that

was done was eventually missed. English is my third language. First is my mother's language, Saraiki, second is my state's language, Urdu, and this third language, which I learned with great difficulty, is English. People say that in order to master a language, it is necessary to get used to thinking in that language, but the truth is that so far, I have not acquired the skills to think spontaneously in both Urdu and English. That is to say, just understand the "Guzara" (Interim Solution) and this Guzara is currently working.

While writing in English, I have a lot of problems with morphology, that's why I added the rhymes of AI. But still the idea cannot be created by AI, so the poem is my own and the pain hidden in the poem is also real and natural. In every language I like only one genre of poetry and that is the quatrain. Here I have also added quatrains and some poems which I wrote many years ago.

You read and consider what I have written. I am not English, nor am I familiar with the mysteries of this language. I am a simple villager who could not even get a chance to

get formal education in an adequate educational institution. As much as this is in front of you, it is only the result of my personal hard work, otherwise we hated English because of the kind of English we were taught in schools in our childhood. Leave this story, my poems and quatrains are waiting for your attention.

Desert is my Existence and Rainbow are the shades of **Consciousness**, **Emotions**, **Observations**, **Experiences**, **Realizations**, **Conscience** and **Absurdity**.

Noman Nayyir Kulachvi

08.October.2023

POEMS

Rainbow in the Desert

A rainbow in the desert sky,
A promise of relief on high,
A symbol of hope that's hard to miss,
Amidst the sand and endless bliss.

The colors shining bright and bold,
A bridge to a new and brighter world,
A ray of light that breaks the spell,
Of the desert's heat and endless hell.

The red and orange, yellow too,
Green, blue, indigo, and violet hue,
Together they form a brilliant arch,
A path to a land where rainbows march.

The desert may be dry and rough,
But the rainbow's colors are enough,
To bring life to this barren land,
And show the beauty that it has at hand.

So, let us gaze upon this sight,
With wonder and amazement so bright,
For the rainbow in the desert sky,
Is a symbol of hope that will never die.

Lost Girl

Where are you lost my girl,
Gone from my sight,
Leaving me wandering in the world,
In the middle of the night.

I search for you high and low,
In every corner of my mind,
Hoping that someday I'll know,
Where you have gone to hide.

I miss your smile, your gentle touch,
The way you light up my life,
I need you here with me so much,
To make everything right.

So, come back to me, my love,
And end this endless chase,
Let's find our way back to above,
And hold each other in embrace.

For without you, my heart is lost,
In this cold and lonely night,
Where are you lost my girl,
Come back and make everything right.

Indian Classical Music

In ancient land of India's soil,
Where melodies and rhythms boil,
Arises a sound so pure and grand,
Indian classical music takes a stand.

With Sitar and Tabla as its tools,
It weaves a spell, breaking all rules,
A symphony of rhythm and soul,
Bringing peace to the mind and whole.

The notes so sweet, the beats so strong,
A magic woven, can't go wrong,
A journey to the depths of the heart,
Takes us to a world, where art has a part.

It tells stories of love and pain,
Of kings and battles, loss and gain,
Of Gods and Goddesses, of old lore,
It's a reflection of India's rich folklore.

In every beat, a cultural pride,
A music form, hard to hide,
It's a treasure, kept alive,
A precious gem, in India's hive.

An Enigmatic Girl

She moves with grace, as if on air,
A mystery in form and flair.
Her eyes are deep, a shade unknown,
A gaze that captures, holds its own.

She speaks with words that seem to dance,
A rhythm only she can chance.
Her voice a song, a lullaby,
A melody that cannot deny.

Her smile is subtle, yet profound,
A mystery that cannot be found.
Her laughter echoes through the night,
A symphony of pure delight.

She is a puzzle, hard to solve,
An enigma that will not dissolve.
Yet in her mystery, there's a charm,
A beauty that can do no harm.

She is an enigmatic girl,
A wonder in this earthly whirl.
A treasure hidden, yet to see,
A mystery waiting to be free.

The Mystery of Love

Love is like a seed, small and unsure,
Planted in the soil, of the heart so pure,
With tender care and, it starts to grow,
A blooming flower, who doesn't show.

It knows no bounds, no limits or fears
It dances with passion, wipes away tears
It builds us up and gives us wings to fly
And in its embrace, we soar up high.

It comes in many forms, a gentle touch
A smile, a laugh, a kind word so much
It's there in sunrise and in the stars at night
A reminder that love is always in sight.

It's promise of forever, the hand we hold
A bond that's unbreakable, pure and bold
It's the possibility of joy and peace
A love that will never, ever cease.

So, let us cherish this gift that's so rare
And keep it alive, with love and care
For it's the possibility of true happiness
A love that will always, forever bless.

A Wanderer Ascetic

He wanders through the wilderness,
A nomad, an ascetic, a soul in distress
The path he treads is fraught with peril
But he continues, his mind is sterile

No possessions weigh him down
His only wealth is his serene frown
He wears the robes of the humble
His heart and mind, a constant rumble

His eyes gleam with a fierce resolve
The world's illusions he aims to dissolve
He seeks the truth, the ultimate prize
Through endless quests, come to realize

A wanderer ascetic, a rare breed
A beacon of hope to those in need
He walks the path less traveled by
And finds true freedom in the sky.

The beauty of simplicity, power of peace
The joy of detachment, the bliss of release
From bondage of life's transient charms
Wanderer ascetic finds solace in his arms

Flirt

Flirt, a game of give and take,
A dance that hearts and smiles can make.
It's a spark that ignites the flame,
A thrill that calls our hearts to play.

With a look, a laugh, a subtle nod,
We send out signals, small and bold.
We test the waters, tread with care,
And hope that someone soon will share.

We flirt with words and glances too,
With gestures, touches, just for you.
We seek a connection, brief and bright,
A moment's joy that brings delight.

So, if you feel the urge arise,
And if your heart is open wide,
Go ahead, take a chance and see,
Who knows what love might come to be.

In your eyes, I find my delight,
A flirtatious dance, day and night.
Our words like whispers, soft and light,
In this game of hearts, let's take flight.

Existential Crisis

Amidst the chaos of life's great plot,
A question arises, that hits the spot.
What is the purpose, what does it mean?
Why do we exist, what's the end scene?

The search for answers, a constant plight,
Through sleepless nights and endless fight.
A quest for truth, a quest for reason,
In this abyss of existential season.

What is the worth of all our toil?
The sweat, the blood, the endless moil?
Do we live just to breathe and die?
Or is there more, beyond the eye?

The fear of nothingness, the fear of void,
The fear of living without a chord.
The fear of dying with no legacy,
The fear of fading into obscurity.

Yet amidst the darkness, there is a spark,
A glimmer of hope that lights the dark.
The purpose we seek is within our grasp,
In the love we give, the memories we clasp.

For in the end, it's not about the chase,
But about the moments, the human embrace.
The beauty of life lies in the little things,
In the laughter, the joy, the songs that sing.

So, let go of the fear, embrace the light,
Live for the moments, hold them tight.
For in the end, when all is done,
It's the memories that last, and love that won.

The Lost Rabbia

Rabbia, the one I once called mine,
Gone now, leaving a heart full of pine,
Her smile, her laugh, they once brightened my day,
Now just memories, that slowly fade away.

Her eyes, like the stars, always shining so bright,
Her touch, so gentle, that made everything right,
Together we laughed, loved, and dreamed so high,
But now she's gone, and I just wonder why.

I search the skies, for a sign of her light,
Hoping to find, a way to make things right,
But all I hear is the whisper of the wind,
Reminding me, of the love that I've left behind.

Rabbia, O Rabbia, where did you go?
My heart aches, and I just don't know,
I long to see you, to hold you again,
To feel the warmth of your love, my dear friend.

Heart Wounds

Heart wounds, so deep and wide
Pain that tears us from inside
Memories that haunt and bring tears
Reminders of love lost, through the years

Like a knife, it cuts so true
The wounds that come from loving you
A heartache that won't go away
Haunting me night and day

The scars that stay, a constant pain
A reminder of love that was in vain
But even though it hurts so much
I hold on to the love, as a gentle touch

For though the wounds may never heal
The love that we shared, will always be real
A treasure to keep, in my heart's core
A memory that I'll always adore

Kulachi in December 2023 CE

Kulachi, my village so dear,
Nestled near the Suleman's hill, so clear.
Now Its fields are green and Gomals run,
Bringing life to everyone.

The people here are strong and true,
With bonds of love that always grew.
They work the land and raise their kin,
And hold the traditions deep within.

The annual fair, a joyous sight,
With colors, music, and delight.
The taste of sweets, a special treat,
Reminds us all of village's heat.

Kulachi, my village so proud,
Its beauty cannot be shouted out loud.
Its spirit will forever live,
In every heart, it will survive.

Nainan

O Nainan, the only light of my life,
With a smile so warm, it banishes strife.
Your beauty shines bright, like the stars above,
Filling my heart with a pure and unconditional love.

Your laughter is contagious, your kindness immense,
In a world that can often be cruel and immense.
You light up a room, just by walking inside,
And I feel so lucky, to have you by my side.

Your touch is energetic, your embrace so warm,
I never want to leave, the safety of your arm.
With you by my side, I can conquer anything,
Together we'll face life, through joy and suffering.

So, here's to you, my love, my heart and my soul,
I promise to cherish you, for better my doll.
Nainan, you are the one who makes my life complete,
And I vow to love you, I'll make it a greet.

I Can't Live Anymore

I can't live anymore, my soul is torn apart,
Darkness and sadness have taken over my heart,
Memories of joy and laughter now seem so far,
It feels like I've been walking on a never-ending bar.

I try to fight the pain and keep moving ahead,
But the burden of life has left me feeling dead,
I see no way out and I'm losing my faith,
I'm tired of the struggles and life's terrible wraith.

But still, I hold on, hoping for a brighter day,
Where the sunshine will heal wounds and chase away,
The shadows that haunt me and keep me in chain,
Where I can live again, love again and laugh again.

So, I take a deep breath, and I gather my strength,
For I know, tomorrow may bring a brand-new length,
Of happiness and peace, and a chance to start again,
And with hope in my heart, I'll make it regain.

The Fragrance of Love

The fragrance of love, so sweet and pure,
A scent that lingers, forever to endure.
Like the gentle bloom of a rose in May,
It lifts our hearts and takes our breath away.

It's a mix of joy, of passion and of peace,
A feeling that can never, ever cease.
A bond that grows with every passing day,
And brings us comfort, come what may.

It's the way we look into each other's eyes,
And know that nothing can sever these ties.
It's the way we laugh and hold each other tight,
And know that everything will be alright.

So, let us hold onto this fragrance dear,
And cherish the love that we hold so near.
For it's the scent that brings us to our knees,
And fills our hearts with love, beauty and peace.

Nihilism

In the void of existence, nothing holds weight,
All purpose and meaning seems to evaporate,
The world spins on, devoid of any plan,
And life seems nothing more than dust in wind's hand.

The search for truth and answers, a fruitless endeavor,
As all truth is nothing but a fleeting splendor,
And in the end, what does it matter at all,
When we return to dust, our time too small.

Nihilism looms, a shadow in the night,
Picking at the threads of what gives life its light,
All hopes and dreams, illusions of the mind,
In this endless cycle, what is left to find.

But still we strive, and still, we hope,
For something to give our lives a purpose to hold,
And though we may never find a true answer,
The journey remains, with its joys and its cancer.

Duality

Duality, a concept so true,
Of light and dark, me and you,
Opposites in every way,
Yet intertwined in every day.

One can't exist without the other,
Like sister and brother,
Together they make a whole,
Completing each other's role.

Yin and Yang, a perfect pair,
A balance to be sought everywhere,
Good and evil, joy and pain,
Complementary forces to remain.

The duality of life is clear,
It brings both joy and fear,
But in the end, it makes us wise,
Teaching us to appreciate the prize.

My Existence

My existence is a mystery,
A wondrous journey, history.
I am here to live and grow,
To learn, to love, and let it show.

The journey started long ago,
A spark of life in the cosmic flow.
I've traveled through space and time,
And reached this moment, so sublime.

In this existence, I have found,
A world of joy, of love, of sound.
A world of laughter, and of pain,
A world where sunshine and rain.

I am grateful for this life,
For the struggles, for the strife.
For they shape me and define,
Who am I, this being divine.

So, I embrace each passing day,
And walk my path in my own way.
For I am here to make a mark,
And leave behind a shining spark.

For when my life comes to win
Then I return to where I begin,
I'll leave behind a legacy,
Of love and light, eternally.

Futility

Futility, a cruel master, that holds us in its grip,
A force that brings us down, when we dare to make trip.
A shadow that haunts us, with every step we take,
A constant reminder, that our efforts are just a mistake.

We toil and sweat, for what seems to be nothing,
An endless pursuit, that leaves us feeling swing.
We chase our dreams, with all our might,
But find in the end, that the journey was not worth fight.

We chase after dreams and seek success,
With hope and determination, no less.
But sometimes, no matter what we do,
The outcome just eludes us, it's true.

And so, we're left with this emptiness,
A void that can bring us to distress.
But we must not lose heart or hope,
And find a way to help us cope.

Cheating in Love

Cheating in love is like a storm at night,
It tears apart what once was so bright.
A trust betrayed, a heart full of pain,
Leaves a love that was once pure in vain.

The lies and deceit cut like a knife,
The wounds that leave scars on life,
A love once strong, now forever lost,
Broken promises at what cost?

The betrayal is a weight that can't be lifted,
A love once cherished, now forever drifted.
The truth unveiled, can leave you so low,
Cheating in love, don't you know?

So, hold on tight to the love that is true,
And cherish each other, in all that you do.
For love is a treasure, too rare to lose,
And cheating in love, is just bound to bruise.

Enchanting Beauty

In the realm of elegance, a radiant star,
Resides a soul with beauty that travels far.
My Girl, the embodiment of grace and allure,
A sight that captivates, pure and demure.

Your eyes, like galaxies, shimmer and gleam,
Reflecting dreams and hopes, a celestial theme.
Within their depths, secrets are gently veiled,
Whispering tales of wonders that have sailed.

The arch of your brows, a delicate arc,
Frames a vision of enchantment, a poetic spark.
With every expression, emotions take flight,
Creating symphonies of joy and delight.

Your smile, a sunbeam that dances on air,
Dispelling shadows, banishing despair.
It lights up the world, like a beacon of glee,
Radiating warmth, for all eyes to see.

The contours of your face, like sculpted art,
Each curve and angle a masterpiece, impart
A serenity and seraphic appeal,
An embodiment of beauty that is surreal.

Your voice, a melody, silk-woven and sweet,
Every word a verse, tender and complete.
It enchants the hearts, resonates in the soul,
A celestial lullaby that makes spirits whole.

But beyond the external, your beauty lies within,
A kind-hearted spirit, gentle and akin.
Your compassion blossoms, like flowers in bloom,
Spreading love and empathy, dispelling gloom.

My Girl, a reflection of nature's own design,
A tapestry of beauty, both ethereal and divine.
In your presence, the world finds solace and rest,
For your essence embodies beauty at its very best.

Enchanting beauty, a vision to behold,
A radiant glow that captivates, young and old,
With graceful elegance, she takes her place,
Fills the heart with wonder and a sweet embrace.

Healing of Broken Heart

A heart once broken, now begins to mend,
The pieces slowly gathering, a new love to amend,
The scars will fade with time, the pain will subside,
And though it's hard to believe, love will again reside.

The tears will dry, the sorrow will depart,
A new dawn will arise, and a fresh start,
The heart will learn to love again, to trust and to give,
And though it's been broken, it will learn to live.

The healing process, a journey to take,
A path that's long and winding, but one that will make,
The heart stronger and wiser, more resilient and true,
And though it's been broken, it will heal, anew.

Tenderly, the heart begins to heal its pain,
Love's gentle touch, a soothing balm to apply in vain,
With every breath, the sorrow slowly starts to fade,
And a new love rises, like a sunrise from the shade.

QUATRAINS

Mystical Rose

Mystical rose, a bloom that transcends the earth
A symbol of the soul, with secrets of rebirth
Its petals soft as silence, its scent sweet embrace
A mystical rose, that guides us to a sacred space.

Village Evening

Village evening, soft and serene as a sigh
The sun sets slowly, painting the sky with a gentle eye
The village comes alive, with a warm light
A peaceful evening haven, where serenity take flight.

Faithfree Man

Faithfree man, a soul that wanders untethered
A heart that beats with reason, and a mind that's unshackled
From dogma's chains, he walks with steps unbound
In freedom's vast expanse, his spirit is unfurled and found.

Philosophical Suicide

Philosophical suicide, a mind that surrenders all
A thoughtscape implodes, with questions that enthrall
The abyss of existence, stares back with empty eyes
A metaphysical surrender, to the void that lies.

Language of Love

Language of love, a tongue that's universally spoken
A dialect of heart, that transcends all words unbroken
With tender gestures, and gentle, sweet embrace
A love that communicates, in a language beyond space.

Agnosticism

Agnosticism, a stance that questions all we know
A skepticism that seeks, but cannot fully show
The mysteries of existence, that lie beyond our sight
A humble acknowledgment, of unknown's vast night.

Durr e Shehwar

Durr e Shehwar, a gem that shines so rare
A beauty that illuminates, and a love beyond compare
With eyes that sparkle like diamonds in the night
Forever with you, my love, my heart takes flight.

Gentle Whispers

Gentle whispers, soft and low and sweet
A soothing balm, for a soul that's worn and beat
With words that comfort, and a tone so kind and true
A gentle whisper, that speaks directly to you.

Oppression

Oppression, a weight that presses down so strong
A suffocating grip, that keeps the voice so long
The chains of tyranny, that bind and restrict the mind
A cry for freedom, that echoes, left behind.

Jennifer Paul

Jennifer Paul, a love that shines so bright
A radiant smile, that lights up my night
With eyes that sparkle like diamonds in the sky
Forever with you, my love, I'll never say goodbye

Malik Nisar

Malik Nisar, a friend so dear and true
A companion, through laughter and tears, anew
With a heart that's pure and kind, and a smile so bright
A treasured friendship, that shines like a guiding light.

Grand Piano

Grand Piano, a majesty in sound and sight
Its keys, a canvas waiting, for music's gentle might
With harmonies that resonate, and a beauty to behold
A symphonic masterpiece, that stories untold.

Nayab Khan

Nayab Khan, my love, my heart's sweet melody
With you, my world is bright, my soul's symphony
Your smile, a radiant beam, that lights up my day
Forever with you, my love, I'll find my way.

Rural Life

Rural life, a peaceful and serene embrace
A gentle pace, that soothes the soul's dark place
With nature's beauty, it nurtures and sustains
A simple, authentic life, that calms the heart's pains.

Realization

Realization, a moment of clarity's grace
A sudden understanding, that illuminates the space
With newfound awareness, it sheds a brighter light
A profound awakening, that banishes the night.

Fondness

Fondness, a warmth that gently fills the soul
A tender affection, that forever makes us whole
With loving kindness, it forever will abide
A sweet endearment, that never will subside.

Euphoria

Euphoria, a joy that overflows the hearts
A sweet ecstasy, that never departs
With every breath, it shines like a work of art
A blissful rapture, that sets the soul apart.

Shining Star

Shining star, a twinkling light so bright
A celestial gem, in the vastness of night
With gentle sparkle, it guides us on our way
A beacon of hope, in the darkness of day.

Venus

Venus, celestial goddess of the night
A radiant beauty, in starry light
With graceful charm, she glides across the sky
A heavenly wonder, that catches the eye.

Stupidity

Stupidity, a veil that shrouds the mind
A blindness that ignores, the truth left behind
A stubborn ignorance, that refuses to unwind
A darkness that entraps, and leaves us blind

No Mind

No mind, a state of freedom from thought's sway
A liberation from the ego's endless day
In the stillness, wisdom's insights start to play
A higher consciousness, that guides us on our way.

Nothingness

Nothingness, a void that's dark and deep
A silence that echoes, where hopes do sleep
An emptiness that gapes, like an endless sea
A mystery that beckons, to set the soul free.

Commitment

Commitment, a promise sealed with trust
A bond that's strong, and forever just
Through laughter and tears, it stands the test
A lifelong pledge, that forever finds its best.

Winter Sun

Winter sun, a golden glow so rare
A fleeting warmth, that banishes the air
With gentle rays, that light the muggy ground
A peaceful beauty, that all hearts surround.

Godliness

Godliness, a virtue pure and bright
A reflection of the divine light
With compassion, kindness, and love so true
A sacred beauty, that shines in all we do.

Spring Breeze

Spring breeze, a gentle whisper low
Softly awakening, all that's aglow
With scents of blooms, and warmth so sweet
Hope and renewal, on its breath to meet.

Meditation

Meditation, a peaceful inner space
A calm and quiet, where love's wisdom grace
The mind and heart, in harmony entwined
In stillness, truth and clarity are defined.

Love Prayer

Love prayer, a heartfelt soul's desire
A tender plea, to set love's flame higher
May our hearts beat, in perfect rhyme
Together forever, in love's sweet prime.

C Sharp Minor

C sharp minor, a melancholy hue
Echoes of sorrow, in a minor clue
A somber melody, that speaks to the heart
A symphony of emotions, never to depart

Pink Lipstick

Pink lipstick, a vibrant color's grace
A symbol of confidence, a feminine embrace
A subtle power, that speaks without a voice
A beauty statement, that makes a lasting choice.

Summer Drizzling

Summer drizzling, a gentle rain's caress
Cooling the earth, and soothing every stress
Calming the heat, with a soft whisper's pace
Bringing life to blooms, in a warm and peaceful space.

Deprivation

Deprivation's dark shadow falls on me
A heavy heart, a soul that longs to be free
Denied of joys, and torn from love's sweet sea
Left with only tears, and misery.



A Polymath, Truth Seeker and an Ascetic Khuwaja Noman Nayyir Kulachvi are a resident of Kulachi Tehsil, a remote area of Dera Ismail Khan District, Khyber Pakhtunkhwa Province. You have a comprehensive personality, simultaneously a Theologian and a Philosopher, Poet and Creative Writer, Journalist and a Communicator, Sociologist and a Political Scientist, Psychologist, Spiritualist and a Musician. You have been associated with various educational and research-oriented institutions in Pakistan and abroad for a long time. Your scholarly work on modern philosophy and applied psychology can still be viewed on the Internet in both languages Urdu and English. The Anthology under view is a proof of your creative preeminence.